

Roll comets ! and ye million stars ;
 Ye that through boundless nature roam ;
 Ye monarchs on your flame winged cars !
 Tell us in what more glorious dome,
 What orb to which your pomps are dim,
 What kingdom but by angels trod—
 Tell us where swells the eternal hymn
 Around His throne—where dwells your God.

THE SUN.

EYE of thy maker, which hath never slept
 Since the Eternal Voice from chaos said
"Let there be light!"—great monarch of the day,
 How shall our dark, cold strain, fit welcome speak,
 Fit praise?—Lo ! the poor pagan kneeling, views
 Thy burning chariot, to the highest sky
 Roll on resistless, and with awe exclaim [creed,
"The god!—The god!"—And shall we blame his
 For whom no heaven hath open'd, to reveal
 A better faith ? Where else could he descry
 Such image of the Deity ?—such power
 With goodness blending ?—From the reedy grass,
 Wiry and sparse, that in the marshes springs,
 To the most tremulous and tender shoot
 Of the Mimosa—from the shrinking bud,